

# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbus Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. E. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement—will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

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## From the Emancipator. The Fugitive.

I wish to tell your readers an "over true tale," about a runaway slave—the facts in the case of which came under my personal observation.

I am a western woman, and lived once in the good city of Chicago, Illinois. We are the right kind of abolitionists there, and the anti-slavery folks have a good "underground railroad," over which they transport slaves, steering for the North, and help them, besides, to clothes and other articles which may be needed. Now, over this same railway, a slave chanced to travel, whose name was "Charley." He was a fine, athletic-looking creature, and his brow wore the stamp of the Divine image, notwithstanding it was black as ebony.

Well, Charley ran away because his nature was too noble to bear the indignities which unmerciful masters heap upon their brutes; and then the flame of Freedom would burn wildly in his breast, notwithstanding he was taught that chains and fetters and the lash belonged to the African. Then he had a wife, and three little ones, whom he loved dearly, and he longed to tread a shore where they might breathe an atmosphere unpolluted by the sighs of heart-crushed slaves. So, Charley ran away, and thought to make observations of the road, over which the North star hangs, with its blaze of free and blessed light, and then return after his family. He reached our good city, (Chicago,) and we heard his tale of suffering, and his determined, heroic decision to return, after a while, for his family. He was sent on to Canada, and remained there six months, during which time, he had been laboring hard, to save a sum, to further projected plans which he had in contemplation. In the mean time, the master had offered a large sum to any one who would find Charley, and bring him back in safety. Many "bloodhounds," in the shape of men, were abroad, in search of the fugitive.

But they returned without the prize, (for Charley was one of the most valuable of slaves,) and all hope of his recovery was given up. But about six months after his escape, Charley wrote a letter to his owner, saying, Canada was a cold, barren place; that the abolitionists deceived the poor negroes, &c., that he was very sorry he ran away, and that, if his master would forgive him, he would return and be dutiful and obedient. So the master wrote back, that he

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WHOLE NO. 150.

would grant a full forgiveness, and even meet him at some place—so happy would he be to see him again.

Charley left Canada, and when he reached Chicago, he told his friends he was going back to slavery, but they would hear from him again—and then told something to Dr. —, a zealous advocate for the slave, but we were not let into the secret. We, however, saw the Doctor's face grow very significant in his expression; and an unusual sparkle in his eye, and a queer looking smile around his mouth, told us some thing about Charley's philosophy we knew nothing about. However, Charley seemed very much afraid to return, lest the lash should bruise his poor back too much, and another letter was written by his request to his master, stating his fears, and adding, "he knew he deserved it for running away." An answer was soon returned, assuring him he had nothing to fear, but that he should have more liberty than before; and, as he had tried the evil effects of freedom, he might visit the several plantations around, and tell the slaves how much better off they were than freemen, and what a humbug this abolitionism was. So Charley went back to the South, and in about three months after, who should land at our underground railroad depot, but Charley and a host of slaves he had brought with him. Of course we all wanted to know what all this meant, and Charley told us the following:

After he had been back to his slave home a few weeks, his master told him he might go around, and tell the slaves his miserable experience about liberty, &c. So Charley used to go every night to the huts of the negroes, and tell them how *delightful* a thing Freedom was, how they might make their escape, the direction of the road, and the several places on the way where they would find friends to bid them God speed, and, in fact, all that was necessary for them to know. Far and near, the slaves around Charley's home were nursing away down in their silent hearts, wild dreams of liberty. While they labored, they forgot their toil and sweat, for they had taken to themselves a hope that told them the fetter was soon to be broken and the galling chain unclasped. Then, at night, they went to their slumbers, they dreamed of the light of the North star. As the Musselman turns to Mecca when he breathes his orisons, and as the Jews turn their faces toward Jerusalem when they bow before the Holy, so did those slaves look to the North star, when they asked Heaven to give them freedom.

Charley's wife had been sold during his absence, and with her children, were several hundred miles farther south. He could not obtain them this time, so, one night, Charley and his crew were missing. His master, and the masters of the other fugitives, were exasperated at such unheard of conduct, and an enormous sum was set as the price of Charley's head. Forth went the bloodhounds again. Gold should be theirs, if they returned with the freedom-loving slave. Then he should be lashed and burned, and finally hung—thus teaching slaves what they might expect under like circumstances. But Charley and six companions of his eluded all pursuit. During the day, they lay, or stood up to their chins, in mud and water, which was plenty, owing to an abundance of swamps, or else hid in hollow trees, or any other way they best could. Sometimes they suffered cruelly from the cravings of hunger; then an unquenchable thirst seemed almost unbearable. But liberty was before them, and they suffered and endured. They reached at last our city—Charley and his six followers. Others started from bondage with them, but were probably carried back, as they were never heard from—and they often lost each other in their wanderings, being obliged to travel separately, to escape the more surely. After resting at Chicago awhile, they were sent on to Canada, where they all safely arrived. But Charley, nothing daunted, determined to rescue his wife and children, or die in the attempt. It was long, ere he dared to venture forth on this heroic expedition, for spies were on the watch to catch him, and he knew, if caught, what a fearful trial awaited him. But the husband and father yearned to see his loved ones again. Freedom seemed to torture him when he thought of the chains around his heart's treasures. So, forth he went again. He was once more among us, and told his tale of wretchedness, and his sublime and martyr-like resolves. Said he, I must rescue them, or die in the attempt—and husband and father crowded round him, and wrung his hand once more, as they bade him farewell, and saw him go, as they thought to the sacrifice. And he did go to a fearful sacrifice—I tell the tale as it was told to me.

Some time after his last departure from our home, we saw him; and more! He was with us once again, but oh, so changed!—Hope had folded her wing, and he refused to be comforted. The lustre of his eye was gone, and nanhood from his frame. He told us why, and we wondered not. After the severest sufferings, he reached the place where his wife and children were. He hovered about three days, before he could make himself known. At length, one night, he stole, unperceived, to his wife's hut, and knocked upon the window. She, in alarm, asked who was there. He revealed himself; and I will not attempt to tell the joy, the sad joy, which those long separated ones knew. He told her he had come to rescue her and his children, and to be ready for flight any night which would be most convenient. They escaped, and they two suffered, but they endured. They had not travelled far, before they were pursued; but they hid themselves during the day, and at night started forth again. At length they came to a large swamp, full of water, and there was no way then, that they could travel further. Behind, they heard the tramp of horsemen, but the road could not screen them—on either side was the swamp. The husband and wife looked at each other for a moment, in despair—and then the wife said, leave us, Charley, but save yourself; if you are caught, your life must be forfeited; you cannot escape now with us; if you try,

we are all lost, save yourself, and let us go. But the husband and father gazed around him, and felt he could not give them up. He looked abroad for help, but there was none. The horsemen appeared in sight—escape was impossible! Then the wife knelt, and prayed him to save himself—she would go back to bondage, happy to know that he was safe. They knelt them down in a thicket of bushes, and they prayed a last prayer over their loved ones. Their pursuers came up—he kissed and clasped his wife and children, and then plunged into the swamp, beyond the reach of his pursuers. They carried back his wife and children—and he heard the crack of the whip, as it fell upon the back of his wife—but she uttered no word of agony. And so he travelled on his way again broken-hearted, yet with a determination to try again, or die. Life, he says, is misery to him now, and he longs for the severing of his fetters. He is now in Canada, awaiting the time when he may go forth again for his treasures. May that time soon come, when the broken heart shall be healed, and the chained mother be free, and the children roam beneath a sky which looks upon no bondage, and smiles upon no enslaved.

MARIA.

From the Pa. Freeman.

## A Sketch of a portion of the last day's proceedings of the Whig Convention.

As a specimen of the quality of the Whig Convention, and for the purpose of letting our readers see how the few free spirits who occupied seats as delegates were treated when they undertook to vindicate their own independence, we give a sketch of a portion of the last day's proceedings.

When Zachary Taylor was announced by the chair to be the nominee of the Convention for the Presidency, and when the northern doughfaces were scrambling for the floor, to propitiate the heir apparent by giving in their prompt adhesion, stating, as most of them did, how strongly they had opposed the nomination of General Taylor, but how ready they now were to sacrifice on the altar of their country, their individual preferences, pledging themselves at the same time, to do all in their power to promote the election of the nominee—Ex-Governor Vance, after a speech of like tenor with the rest, moved that the nomination of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, be unanimously confirmed. On this motion, Mr. Chas. Allen, of Mass., obtained the floor.

Mr. Allen said he could never approve the action of that convention, (cries of "order!" "order!" "sit down.") "I express what I believe to be the voice of the Whigs of my State—I cannot consent that the vote shall be considered unanimous. We have now a man nominated who will continue the rule of slavery for another four years. The rights of the Free States are trampled upon in this Whig Convention. (Cheers and hisses.)

"Of the many distinguished citizens of the free states, there was not one considered worth receiving a single vote south of Mason and Dixon's line. The nomination of a Whig from the South is a virtual surrender to the latter of the powers of the Government, and on behalf of the Whigs of the free States, I say that the Whig party of the United States is here and henceforth dissolved." (Tremendous hisses and confusion.)

"We've struggled to preserve it as long as we could do it with honor. By the blessing of God the dissolution may result to the advantage of the country—it is time that we should separate. We spurn the nominee of the Convention, and I tell you that Massachusetts will spurn the bribe that is attempted to be offered her, (alluding to the proposed nomination of Abbott Lawrence for Vice President.)" (Cheers and hisses and great excitement among the southern men, several of whom got up to reply, but were dissuaded by their friends. Let the North answer him, was the cry. Let Massachusetts answer him. Choate, Choate, Choate, was heard on all sides, particularly from northern members.) Mr. Choate however made no reply. (Perhaps he was not at the time in the Convention.)

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, said he had a resolution to offer for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was possible that the persons composing the Convention could go away with a determination to support the nominee as the President for the Whig party.

"Resolved, That the Whig party, by their representatives here assembled, pledges itself to abide by the nomination just made, of General Zachary Taylor, if he shall agree and pledge himself that he will accept the nomination as the candidate of the Whig party, bound to adhere to its great principles—no extension of slavery over territory now free, and the protection of American industry."

"Cries, 'No, no'—withdraw it!"—and great opposition was here manifested.

The President—I must decide the motion out of order. The order of the day is the nomination of the Vice-President.

The Speaker—am I to be gagged? A Delegate—I move that the order of business is suspended to let the gentleman proceed with his remarks.

The motion was not carried.

Mr. Johnson of Pa.—I've one question to ask—

The President—The gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Galloway, of Ohio—I claim a right to be heard.

The President—It is out of order on the question of the nomination of Vice-President.

Mr. Galloway—Is it out of order on the question of the nomination of Vice President to give the reasons why we should not go in to a nomination?

The President—Yes.

Mr. Galloway—I appeal, and on the question on the appeal I claim a right to be heard. (Great confusion and motion to adjourn.)

Order being restored—Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, took occasion to say that his

colleague, Mr. Allen had not uttered the sentiments of the State which had sent him there, and intimated that the Whigs of Massachusetts would feel themselves bound to support the nomination.

Hereupon Mr. Wilson of the same State claimed to be heard. "I for one," said he, "will not be bound by the proceedings of this convention—(cries of 'get out of here then!')—order—sit down—hear him—let him make a loco-foco speech—no, no, no—let him go on."

The President—Is it the pleasure of the house that the gentleman shall proceed?—(no, no, no—yes, yes, let him go on.)

The President—The gentleman from Massachusetts will please to take his seat till we can ascertain whether the house will allow him to proceed.

A Member—I move that the gentleman be granted leave to withdraw.

The President—The gentleman's motion is out of order.

Mr. Ashmun—I maintain that my colleague has a right to be heard. (Cries of no, sir, without he abides by the proceedings of the Convention.)

Mr. Stanley of N. C.—I really hope the gentleman will be allowed to go on. His sentiments will hurt no body but himself, and I hope they will not hurt him.

The house decided that Mr. Wilson might proceed.

Mr. Wilson—"I came to this Convention as a Whig, committed unreservedly to the principles of the Whig party and its organization, and, sir, I am willing to be bound by the proceedings of this body, provided we act as Whigs. But, Sir, we have come here and nominated a man—(order, order, I call the gentleman to order, no, no, hear him, let him alone, hear him, order, order, go on, go on, I call the gentleman to order.) Is it out of order to say that we have nominated a candidate for the Presidency?" (Laughter.)

We have nominated a gentleman, Sir, for President of the United States, who has acted over and over again, to the whole country, that he will not be bound by the principles of any party, and that he will accept the nomination of the Whig party or the Democratic party, or any party in any portion of the country, who will nominate him. Sir, he has said—(order, Mr. President I call the gentleman to order.)

Here ensued a scene of the greatest confusion. When order was sufficiently restored, Mr. Wilson proceeded:—"Now, sir, I have never yet scratched a whig ticket since I came of age, and all I asked of this convention was the nomination of a whig who is unreservedly committed to the principles of the whig party. But the convention have

decided to nominate a man who is any thing but a whig, and sir, I will go home, and so help me God, I will do all I can to defeat his election." (Hisses, cheers and yells.)

Mr. Wilson continued to speak, but such was the tumult that it was impossible to distinguish a word he said. He was fairly elated down stage.

At this stage of the proceedings it was that George P. Lunt, of Massachusetts, gave to the Convention the assurance that his State would be true to the nomination, and would sustain it at the polls. He indignantly denied the allegations made by two of his colleagues that the action of that body would be received with disapprobation by the people of Massachusetts.

Mr. Galloway, Secretary of State of Ohio, here succeeded in obtaining the floor. His speech is thus reported:

Mr. President, I am exceedingly gratified, after so many unsuccessful attempts to address the Convention, I am now recognized by the President as being in order. It is well and wise for you, gentlemen of the Convention, to allow a full and free expression of opinion. The deed which has just been committed has struck us with sudden and sure surprise; and, if I mistake not, the devotion which characterizes many of my fellow citizens, the intelligence of your recent act, will send a thrill of disappointment into many hearts.

Mr. President, I am a Whig and an ultra Whig. [Cheering.] The principles of the Whig party are by me warmly cherished. I have never cast any vote which did not fully vindicate my position as to the politics of our country. Although a resident of the west, I profess to have views and feelings which comprehend the interests of a common country—and to be free from narrow and unreasonable prejudices. (Cheers.) As I had my nativity in this, the free soil of Pennsylvania—it is not strange that I should have other views and feelings than those possessed by many in this Convention, born and reared in a sunnier clime.

Mr. President: I purpose speaking plainly but courteously, and although my views may not meet a response in the bosoms of many in this Convention, yet they shall be couched in language befitting the place and the occasion. I will not now say that I repudiate the nominee of the Convention. What action may yet be taken on matters which I deem vital to the interests of my constituents and my country I cannot tell; but I reassure you that my position will be defined and framed by the deliberations and decisions of this Convention upon a principle deemed prominent and fundamental among the free spirits of the North and West. I have strong faith in the wisdom and integrity of the true-hearted constituents whom I have the honor to represent. I desire to see them, and to report what has been done by this Convention, before I designate my career of political action. I long to hear their counsels, their deliberations. I know that there exists with them and others, strong and rational suspicions of the Whiggery of your nominee. Letters of the nominee, recognized as genuine, have been published and circulated, in which he disclaims being adopted as the nominee of any party—and on which he refuses to adopt party principles and pledges. How far these declarations agree with or differ from those sentiments contained in the communication from the Louisiana delegation will be seen in after days. Let me say to you, Mr. President, and to this Conven-

tion, that the Whigs of Ohio will not embrace the cause of any man as their standard-bearer who is not fully indoctrinated with the creed of the party—who is not adorned with the glory of an untainted political reputation, who is not pledged to the accomplishment of its wise and patriotic measures—and who cannot be recognized as worthy to carry a flag brilliantly and intelligently inscribed with old-fashioned, but ever dear Whig principles. (Enthusiastic applause.) To the Convention which honored me with a seat in this body, I asserted that in choosing a candidate for the Presidency, opposition to the aggressions of the slave power, and to the acquisition of territory which might be visited with that peculiar institution, would constitute the prominent basis of my action. I am the advocate of free soil and free territory. I cannot be swayed from the position I occupy on this subject by any party machinery or artifices. While my constituency upon this subject exists deep and sacred feelings. Upon this topic they think and act with strong resolves. This platform they cannot and will not abandon. If a candidate is orthodox upon this fundamental principle, they and I can hail and receive him; if he is not, he will be nailed by us as "base coin to the counter." Gentlemen of the Convention, take care that in your action, you do not run aghast principles enshrined in the declaration of Independence and in the hallowed charter of freemen's rights. [Cheers.] I cannot, Mr. President, on this occasion, on this subject, and in my present position, better describe my future action and those associated with me, than by uttering the sentiment of one of the poets of New England:—

Is this the land our fathers loved?  
The freedom which they sought to win?  
Is this the soil on which they moved?  
Are these the graves they slumber in?  
Are we sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn?  
And shall we crouch above those graves,  
With craven soul and fettered lip,  
Yoked in with marked and branded slaves,  
And tremble at the master's whip?  
No, by their enlarging souls which burst  
The bonds and fetters round them set—  
By the free pilgrim spirit nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms yet—  
By all above, around, below—  
Be ours the indignant answer, "NO."  
(Great and long continued applause.)

Mr. Campbell, of the same State, was one of the few who refused to give in his adhesion. He thus spoke—

Mr. President—I address you and this Convention under circumstances peculiarly embarrassing. The loud and long huzzas which have been sent forth from the thousands who crowd the galleries, upon hearing the remarks of my venerable colleague, as well as the course which has been pursued towards the Ohio delegation by the majority on this floor, forewarn me that what I shall say will fall to touch the same sympathetic cord. I care not. I ask no shouts, but regardless of consequences, I will discharge faithfully the high and solemn duty which devolves upon me as the representative of six thousand true and well tried Whigs in the valley of the Miami.

My venerable colleague has referred to his long service in the Whig cause, and calls upon the ardent young Whigs of Ohio, occupying seats in this Convention, to ratify its nomination of a candidate for the Presidency. I flatter myself that I am one of them to whom he appeals. Sir, I recognize in him one of the fathers of the Whig party. I am proud to acknowledge, that from him and others of the Old Whig Guard, I learned in my early youth, lessons in the political affairs of the country. I now assert that one of the first principles which he assisted to engrave upon my young mind was that personal preferences as to men might be yielded for the sake of harmonious action; but that correct principle should never be abandoned. If my position is wrong, let my colleague avow it. I call upon that member of this Convention who believe it right, under any circumstances, to trample under foot, principles which are believed to be correct, to proclaim it from his seat.

Mr. President, what is it you now ask of Ohio? It is, sir, that the Whig party of that great, glorious, young State should, through its delegates on this floor, rise up and solemnly approve of the nomination of Zachary Taylor. Sir, I scorn a hypocrite. I detect from my innermost soul that man, who, on an occasion like this, with the solemn duties resting upon him which I must discharge, practices fraud and deceit for any purpose. I cannot—I will not do it. (Cheers.) The gentleman of the South who have controlled this Convention from its commencement, shall learn that there are those in Ohio who dare be frank, and who will speak to them in language not to be misunderstood.

I am now asked to proclaim the approbation of the Whigs of the 2d Congressional District of Ohio, to the nomination you have just made. Personally I cannot approve of it, and to do so in my representative capacity, would be a direct and palpable violation of the solemnly expressed views of my constituents. In Ohio we are Whigs, not because Clay is a Whig—not because Scott is a Whig—not because any other man is a Whig; but because we believe the prosperity and true glory of our country, and the perpetuity of our Republican Institutions depend upon the triumph of the great principles and measures which that party, since my first knowledge of its existence, has espoused. To me, the sacrifice of Clay, Scott, Curwin, Webster and a thousand other equally gallant and patriotic Whig men, would be but as a feather in the scale compared to the abandonment of Whig principles! (Enthusiastic cheering.)

Mr. President: Every member of this convention will long remember the exciting scene which on yesterday ensued after the introduction (whilst in private session) by myself of a proposition which, in the parrot and better days of the Whig party, would have been considered perfectly proper and entirely harmless. It will be recollected too, that, on behalf of Ohio, that State which heads

the great Whig column of the Union—that State which under the lead of old Tippecanoe (God bless his memory) and the gallant Henry Clay, glorious and triumphantly reared aloft the proud banner on which were inscribed Whig principles—I appeared, and implored our Southern brethren to give us some candidate, who would willingly raise that standard from the dust, into which they had suffered it to be trampled, and lend us aid to victory! I beseeched them to give us a Whig candidate—a man who would accept the honorable post of standard bearer—and who would conduct his administration upon the great principles of the Whig party. I prayed you as brothers having a common interest with us, to present your candidate upon such a platform as would give to the giant State of the West an opportunity of marching with you shoulder to shoulder in the great struggle against a common foe. Sir, my proposition was rejected with scorn, my State and my constituency were treated with disdain, and I was myself treated by certain gentlemen more like a Loco-foco than a delegate representing as many true and tried Whigs, as are to be found in many of their entire States. You pressed to the nomination of Zachary Taylor, who had proclaimed to the world that he would not accept our nomination or be the exponent of our party doctrines. Sir, in this rash and precipitate movement, you have sowed the wind, and, if I mistake not, in November next you will reap the whirlwind!—[Cheers.] For myself, I cannot vote for the ratification of this nomination now. Your candidate must first hang his banner upon the outer wall, that all my examine its folds, and see that it is the same which the bold and gallant Harry of the West displayed, and that the old-fashioned Whig principles are inscribed upon it. For my constituents I cannot approve it in the dark. [A voice in the Convention—"General Taylor has proclaimed himself a Whig." Mr. Campbell—"True, sir, and so did John Tyler." A voice—"Don't name him." Mr. Campbell—"I know it is wrong to speak disrespectfully of the dead, and I fear if you have control of the Whig party much longer it will be wrong to name it for the same reason." I cannot, I will not go it blind.] When the nominee defines his position my constituents can decide for themselves; but, Mr. President, I can assure you they will never sacrifice the principles they hold so dear, and under whose benign influence Ohio is indebted for so much of her prosperity, and under the practical results of which the "wilderness has been made to bloom and blossom as the rose."

Sir, Ohio has been borne down in this Convention by the South, and a deaf ear turned upon her entreaties. I warned my brethren here from all quarters, of the consequences which must follow. Yes, sir, you have crushed her to the dust; but I tell the South who have perpetrated the deed, that, like truth crushed to earth, she'll rise again. Aye, sir, that great moral principle which has fastened itself so firmly in the hearts of our free Whigs of Ohio, so eloquently alluded to by my colleague, Mr. Galloway, will arouse to action in all the majesty of her strength the young giant of the West.

We should like to give a few specimens of the speeches on the other side, but our want of room forbids.

We ought to add, that Gov. Vance's motion for a unanimous confirmation of the nomination had to be withdrawn; it would not go down.

Oh! exult!—The State of Ohio grows! grows! The progress is wonderful—nothing like it can be found where slavery has a foothold.

Nor does a full population stop her growth. From 1830 to 1840 she grew as fast as from 1820 to 1830. The old rule was set aside. There was no diminution as population increased. This is the ratio set down:

From 1820 to 1830	60 per cent.
" 1830 to 1840	62 " "

But let us look a little further. The growth of cities depends on the increase of population around them. Now look at the results, as regards the cities of Ohio, as given by competent authorities:

	1840.	1848.
Cincinnati and Suburbs,	50,000	90,000
Cleveland,	6,000	13,000
Columbus,	5,000	12,000
Dayton,	6,000	13,000
Pomeroy,	300	2,000
	68,300	130,000

Ninety per cent. increase in these five cities in eight years!

This is all to sight of Kentucky. Does she not see it? Does she not know the cause of it? And will she consent, for the support of Slavery, to sacrifice all hope of a similar vitality, and as sure a growth?

Let us hope not.—Louisville Examiner.

Mexican Negotiation.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, says:

"The seal of secrecy has been taken off the proceedings of the Senate, on the subject of the treaty with Mexico. We may now have the whole subject published. Among the letters written by Mr. Trist to Mr. Buchanan, concerning his agency in making the treaty, there is one in which occurs this remarkable passage:

"Among the points which came under discussion was the exclusion of Slavery from all territory which should pass from Mexico. In the course of their remarks on the subject, I was told that if it were proposed to the people of the United States to part with a portion of their territory in order that the acquisition should be therein established, the proposal could not excite stronger feeling of abhorrence than those awakened in Mexico by the prospect of the introduction of Slavery in any territory parted with by her."

The date of this letter is Sept. 4, 1847. It shows how much stronger the feeling for liberty is, even among this semi-slave people, than among ourselves.

"THE DARKEST HOUR IS JUST BEFORE DAY."—The dark clouds of Slavery have loomed up from the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conventions, and are over-spreading the land with gloom. Many who have looked to the Whig and Democratic parties to save the ark of Liberty, are struck with despondency—with fear and trembling. Let us not despair. It is a part of the work of human redemption to break the bonds of slavery and let the oppressed go free. Fear not. Out of Nazareth will come forth some despised Nazarene who will prove to be the Saviour of the slave. Let us put faith in the great principles of Liberty, and in Divine truth, and we shall triumph. We have never seen the